

Aug 12

SKULLS FOR SALE

The Fourth Council





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IN our three previous meetings we have taken up and discussed the basic policies of the Silvershirts in regard to racial, political, and economic blocs—making for catastrophe throughout our nation today. Now in this fourth meeting we want to consider certain policies of the Silvershirts toward those blocs in action.

This doesn't mean rehashing a lot of information about Communists, Jews, or New-Deal politicians that each of us is supposed to have gotten for himself out of *The Hidden Empire* or *The World Hoax*. It means taking up and discussing just where the Silvershirts stand in preparing for revolution, what Silvershirts should do—or can do—to meet it, or act successfully in the face of it, and what the Chief of the Silvershirts

expects of all good Legionnaires in the business of re-establishing a better order of things after it has happened.

Remember that these Councils are being held in advance of Post formation so that all Silvershirts may unmistakably understand the exact purposes and strategies of the Silver Legion.

The idea of them is to draw a careful and precise picture in the mind of the new Silvershirt of what the Legion stands for, what it expects to accomplish, and how it expects to achieve it.

If there are unified and clearly-defined ideas about Silvershirt policies and purposes from one end of this nation to the other, then in the event that crisis comes, and all communication systems break down, the consistent nature of those policies and purposes put into action will unerringly work a union of all the Legion forces, no matter in what section of this great nation they begin operations.

Furthermore, a perfect understanding of all phases of the program on which Silvershirts have embarked—prior to the formation of Posts or Chapels—averts argument and controversy among members themselves as to what the proper thing is to do, when

trouble actually makes its appearance. The real intent of any organization worth its salt is to get men of one mind drawn into one body, so that they may act alike when the time for action is beyond dispute. So now we want to discuss this problem of Silvershirt organization in the face of an attempt to overthrow this government by force, and what ideas may be in Chief Pelley's mind to bring the Legion to a national status.

TAKEN on the merits of the disruption that has been getting increasingly serious over the past nine years, it would seem to be a comparatively simple matter for a group of enlightened patriots to go out in this nation, tell jittery people the causes for the turmoil, and get them to respond at once to intelligent efforts for their own self-defense.

¶ You'd think that if men and women were suffering from impoverishment and upset, and you went to them and said: "See, here's what's making it, and here's what you can do about it!" that they'd give ear to such explainings and be reasonably ready to act in self-protection.

That's the understandable but mistaken notion held by scores of would-be leaders, who

soon find their organizations folding up just when they ought to snowball toward success.

¶ Furthermore, it's one of the least-understood of Silver Legion problems, and a complication which works more havoc than all the mischiefs of the enemy, combined. Nine out of ten men would jump to the conclusion that if injury and damage were headed directly for a man, and he looked up and saw it, his instinctive reaction would be to step from its pathway.

That's entirely correct in the matter of *physical* injury or damage. People have prenatal or inherited memories of the painfulness of death in other dispensations which have resulted in instincts toward self-preservation. But whole races of men—or even nationals—have no such memories goading them. The reason for this is: there haven't been enough times in racial histories when revolution has threatened them, or they as individuals haven't been sufficiently involved in ordeal, for them to bring through complexes strong enough to make them act for "political preservation" in the face of revolution.

Moreover, a vast upset like a Communist aggression goes against the grain of peaceable human nature—in the average indi-

vidual. He doesn't *want* it to happen. Because he inwardly resents, or shrinks from, the actuality of it, he prefers to ignore it, to run away from it, or believe that something will happen to avert it.

The revolution-makers count fundamentally on this will-to-peace in the average citizen, as we shall discuss in a moment.

NO, you can't go out—no matter how serious the upset or how patent the causes making it—and by the general sounding of an alarm, find a hundred percent of persons immediately flocking to your standard.

They will flock to nothing of the sort. They will spread themselves at once in a fanfare of argument. Are you speaking the truth? Aren't you a little "touched in the head"? Are conditions truly as bad as you paint? Isn't it barely possible that God has other plans for the race, and shouldn't He be trusted to save His people in His mercy? Lastly, if the army, navy, and police forces have been costing the taxpayers so much money over such a long time, why shouldn't they be looked to—for the social protection that humanity expects?

All of it boils down to this: that average humanity isn't bellicose.

It doesn't want to fight!

It isn't that average humanity is *afraid*. It's that average humanity, in the individual instance, has quite other plans for itself than going forth and getting carved up with butcher-knives, or shot through with pig-iron in the form of machine gun bullets.

It resents the fact that someone has come along and dragged out all this turmoil, this disruption, this national brawling. So it wants to conduct the smaller and cheaper fight of bashing the unpleasant persons who acclaim that fighting will ultimately be necessary.

It does this bashing by answering such persons that they're full of balloon-juice, and refusing to respond to effective organization till the situation is so bad that tangling with the enemy is the only thing that's left. Then nobody's prepared for it. Nobody's trained. Nobody knows his post, or how to take it, or how to deport himself after it's shown him.

These are bitter facts to face. All the same we have to face them.

We in America think that we're more or less alone in this. The fact is, that we're

not! The history of every counter-revolutionary movement, in every country, has been the same. But historians don't emphasize it, and the period of "selling the populace" on the proposition that something must be done to put up a united front to catastrophe, is lost in the glamor of managerial achievement.

As a matter of fact, if the truth could be recognized, whole populaces never *are* sold on such wholesale activities, no matter what aspects these counter-revolutionary measures have taken in the histories of peoples.

What truly happens is, that a small tight minority gets well organized under some audacious leader, starts "going places" or showing results of a remedial nature, and disgruntled humankind simply scrambles aboard the band-wagon.

It's the matter of getting the "small tight minority" competently organized and under way, that does the business—and brings the success of any leader or his movement.

Despite the fact that all of Germany isn't much larger than the States of Oregon and Washington, Hitler was scarcely known of—outside of Bavaria—when Hindenburg made him German chancellor. He got his real momentum to "sell" Germany on Na-

tional Socialism after Ludendorff had nominated him to a place where he could broadcast to all Germany what Naziism was. The great Spanish Rebellion that now has put General Franco in command of Spain, actually started by a military revolt of 70 soldiers in one garrison. When their first battle ended, 3000 of the enemy had deserted to their side. From that point onward the "rebels" had an army.

A lot of people over here think that Mussolini's brand of Fascism was a popular uprising of the patriotic Italians behind Il Duce, and that after he'd finished his March on Rome he had won the whole peninsula over to his program. We could—using the vernacular—call that sort of talk, Italian bologna. He did nothing of the sort. When Mussolini reached Rome, he didn't have as many men as there are Silvershirts right now in the bedeviled United States. The inside history of Fascism, known only to a few of us as yet, has it that with Red revolution and Communism growing rampant in Italy, Il Duce went privately to the great business interests—through the Italian Chambers of Commerce—and made a deal with them, and likewise with the king. He would walk in and take charge of the

country. The Chambers of Commerce and the king were merely to see that no governmental opposition was made to what he did. In other words, he was not to be declared guilty of sedition or treason. No governmental forces were to be officially used against him.

It was a comparatively simple matter, after that had been arranged, for Il Duce to catch the attention of the emotional Italians. His March on Rome was merely a show—a publicity stunt—secretly approved by groups who had everything to lose if Communism won.

Even if we want to go further back into the history of times before the present, we can see this program of "the small tight minority" winning out over the great, sprawly, unorganized majority.

The inside story of Napoleon's beginnings is the only one we'll mention. Only a couple of hundred loyal troops were available for defense, the morning that Napoleon planted his cannon at the corners of the public squares in Paris and began to end the hysteria of the French Reign of Terror with grapeshot.

TOO MANY prospective Silvershirts gain to the idea that nothing can be done in this nation, toward yanking it out of its doldrums, putting down the New-Dealers, and paving the way for the Christian Commonwealth, until at least 51 percent of our people have been "sold" on defensive tactics and have pledged their allegiance to men like Pelley, Zachary, and others—leading the same sort of fight in America.

Men like Pelley, Zachary, and others, know in utter candor that the time never is going to arrive when they can "sell" 51 percent of this nation on the Silvershirts.

In the first place, the enemy ensconced in the Federal government—precisely as it first ensconced itself in the Federal government of Spain—is not going to *allow* men like Pelley, Zachary, and others, to gain to the ear of public attention, if it can help it. Furthermore, there isn't time, or general intelligence enough, in the rank and file, for 51 percent of our people to grasp the necessity for direct action, sanely taken, that they fall in voluntarily behind a leader, and help themselves.

Prospective Silvershirts, "right off the bat," must get such notions out of their heads. The great mass of the public can be en-

lightened with tons of expose literature—true! It can be made as erudite and sympathetic-minded as possible, so as to minimize opposition when the time comes for action.

But Hitler had it right when he said in *My Battle*: "Humanity is made up of three great classes. First, there are the good men at the top, which the masses will follow. Second, there are the bad men at the bottom which the masses will not resist. Third, in between, is the great sheepflock of humanity, pitifully wanting peace, that will do anything but *fight*!"

But here is the great salvation of the proposition, which every true leader knows: "If this great majority won't fight the projectors of subversion and turmoil—at least with anything but *talk*—neither will it effectively oppose any forces that come along with the intent of putting *down* subversion and turmoil."

In other words, this great unorganized mass of sputtery humanity won't face the subversionists with nothing but talk and yet face the abolishers of subversion with ball-clubs and bayonets.

It won't stand up to the one, in terms of

manifest violence, any more than it'll stand up to the other.

What the great mass of unorganized, disgruntled, sputtery citizens truly want, is for some man or set of men to come along, that will put down disorder and install reasonable prosperity.

The instant that conviction is general that this set of men stand a show of making themselves effective, right there sputtering ends and a whoop is sent up to get on the band-wagon.

None of this is theory. It has been amply proven on a hundred occasions.

LET everyone of us get it through our heads, therefore, that the true problem of Silvershirts—or any mass movement *like* the Silvershirts—is to get a nucleus of men in each State who know what the fracas is all about. They must furthermore know how they can make themselves felt as bonafide need arises, and how they can influence the masses to fall in with a general program that shall be turning out the same way in *all* localities—when the forces of Satanism have had their fling at seizing our institutions by deceit and violence. +

Then, having located such groups or knots

of men in each State, the next headache to be cured is to get them to “stand hitched” till the crisis is arrived wherein they can function.

This last is something that we can't affirm too strongly.

Any man with the proper supply of information, and a reasonable flare for organization, can go out and “sell” little knots of individuals here and there to do something to help the country in its plight. He can get them together in meetings and tell them what faces them—even persuade them to equip themselves with uniforms and guns.

But immediately he confronts this quandary: Men disposed to listen to his warnings must of necessity be men of a vigilant temperament. They are persons who are keen for pushing out at once and going into Action. All the same, whereas *they* may be “sold”—and dying on the vine to see somebody's face messed—it by no means follows that their ranks are yet strong enough to even halfway accomplish their objectives, nor that the temperament of the country is sympathetic toward their moves.

The true leader, who starts such a Movement from scratch, must perform the almost unbelievable feat of persuading and recruit-

ing these hot-heads—man by man and unit by unit—while at the same time keeping their interest in the Movement white-hot as he does the same thing in the adjacent county, or over in the next State or group of States. He must, to put it bluntly and in the form of the paradox which it truly is, arouse such recruits to the necessity for Action, *and then deny it to them*—till the time arrives when all of them taking action together truly achieve the purposes for which the recruiting was begun in the first place. If anyone thinks that this is easy let him try it! If he has never been introduced to all the plain and fancy brands of yammering of which the human ass is capable, he will meet it then.

Here, for instance in America, is a country Siberian in its immensity. It's made up of forty-eight separate and distinct Little Nations, each with its own problems, its own psychology, and its viewpoint on the need for embracing remedies at all.

A group of men in Maine get sold on the necessity for a movement like the Silver-shirts. Another group in Texas feel the same way. And up in Montana there's a third. And down in southern California

there's a fourth. In between, there may be forty-three States filled with increasingly disgruntled persons who subconsciously believe that eventually a Movement like the Silver-shirts will come. But they're not temperamentally ready for it yet, and need cajoling and organizing. Meantime—while the folks of these forty-three States are being brought into line—the recruits in Maine, Texas, Montana, and California are commencing to gripe: "Hey, you General Staff! We thought you told us if we got into the Silver-shirts, that you'd let us tear loose. We understood that you'd show us how to kick these Jews in the pants so hard that every time one of 'em sat down, he'd leave a footprint! What sort of a bamboozle are you handing us, anyhow? Are we to sign an application, and then sit tight and twiddle our thumbs, calling ourselves Silver-shirts because we wear a Red L?" The bedeviled leaders of such a Movement, knowing that sporadic demonstration put on in Maine, Texas, Montana, and California would only result in a bringing of the national organization into disrepute, must say in essence: "Yes! For the time being you've got to forego pushing in faces, breaking windows of pawnbrokers' shops, and

kicking kikes in the rear—till *all* the dumb-bells in the rest of the States have become aroused as you're aroused to the need for heaving| the burglars back to Europe. You've got to hold your ranks, maintain your interest at reasonable heat, behave yourselves as individuals, and generally mark time till the Movement in other States has likewise done its stuff. It's hard on your risibles, all the same it's necessary! When the time comes that the intervening States have filled up with knots of organized men, capable of sustaining you in any emergency, then we can *all* act in concert and maybe we'll get somewhere. It may seem to you in Maine, Texas, Montana, and California, that 'nothing is being done'—that the Old Man at the head of the works isn't the competent leader because he favors a do-nothing policy. But he isn't favoring a do-nothing policy! He's working his fool head off in some distant State or group of States, trying to create the proper reinforcements to fill up the gaps and not leave you isolated in a time of general upset—only he can't draw you a picture of it every forty-eight hours, or wet-nurse you into standing-pat and awaiting the moment when all forty-eight States can move forward together.

He's got to 'park you' for the moment, in a manner of speaking—after he's got you sold in your particular district—while he sashays forth and repeats on the process in Utah, Connecticut, Michigan, or Arizona." "But can't we go out and bust the window-glass of at least *one* little Jew?" plead these malcontents. "Just *slightly* bust it—to show him we're in existence and want to drown his whole tribe in our bile?" And the leader has to answer: "*No!* Busting anybody's windowglass is *out!* If you want to bust windowglass, you don't need to be a Silvershirt. Go get a rock and heave it through the nearest tailorshop, then run like a rabbit till some policeman trips you. This isn't the sort of war to be won by 'busting' windows." "But they crash with such a nice noise!" is the argument.

And so slathers of letters have to go forth, all costing stenographer's time and post-stamps that somebody has to pay for, expressly directing that all pawnbroker and tailorshop windows be left intact, and Jews' trouser-seats remain unkicked, while the cohorts of a mighty Christian insurrection prepare for more serious business—resuscitating a nation by force of arms only as it's

necessary *after* the Reds themselves have overthrown all government.

"Fiddle-dee-dee!" some strong-arm boy retorts. "I joined this Legion to get action! Attending Post meetings twice a month, singing the *Battle Hymn of the Republic*, peddling LIBERATIONS to truckmen and school teachers, writing letters to the newspapers that Roosevelt's a nut—none of this is saving the country! It's gore I want, Jew gore! If I'm not allowed to smash something before five o'clock this afternoon, I'm ready to bellow to all and sundry that Pelley's a weakling and his Legion a racket."

And one, or two, or three, such fire-eaters belching their stuff in any given Post, fill the enemy's ranks with glee in that disruption seems to be breaking out, the whole Post becomes defected, and the patient work of weeks is undone in one quarter while frantic efforts to get results are slowly flowering in another."

Pelley himself travels a hundred thousand miles a year to hold these volatile ranks together, makes a couple of hundred speeches—or sends Zachary to do it—and brands as he can on the minds of such malcontents: "Can't you see that we've got a continent to arouse? Can't you grasp that if you go

tearing loose in a Michigan suburb, or a Virginia beach resort, or an Oregon lumbercamp, you'll only bring down the wrath of the harassed authorities on your heads and if someone's fatally injured, get yourself hung? What sort of brains have you got in your heads, that you'd be willing to trust your government and your lives to the type of leadership that would take time off to exult that some Jew candyshop in Hoboken had its lollypops looted? This isn't a looting job, anyhow, and if you're in the Legion merely to kick the Sons of Jacob in the shins, you'd better get out before the Sons of Liberty kick *you* in the teeth. We want men of sane responsibility, dependable stamina, and constructive patience as the backbone of this Movement, for this is a ten-year fight in which we're embarking, and chaps who can't stay hitched had better move down to Texas, or out to New Mexico, and work off their energies tearing up cactus. We're setting out to build a new country, girder by girder, and brick by brick. It's *workmen* we want, not walking delegates, or strong-arm mobs so eager to shoot off guns that the popping of firecrackers gives them boyish ecstasy."

And the window-busting boys say something

that sounds like the food for squirrels, and storming from such meetings, they go out on Jew-baiting excursions of their own—that lands 'em in jail before the usual daily sunset.

Whereat all the Jew-controlled newspapers in the nation—and Eddie Cantor—emblazon forth that those terrible un-American Silver-shirts are up to their pagan hijinks again, and Edgar Hoover should do something about it before all good Israelites are slaughtered in their beds.

IT'S to impress upon new Silver-shirts, coming into the Legion at this time, just what this problem is—and that it's part of Silver-shirt loyalty to *stand hitched* during this great educative period—that such references are made.

Hitler "saved" a Germany no bigger than Oregon and Washington—as we've seen.

Mussolini "saved" an Italy not much bigger than the State of California.

Here in the United States we have to "save" forty-eight separate and distinct nations, all thinking differently and seeing the salvage after the manner of their traditions. The man doesn't live who can keep up a perpetual minstrel show to entertain two, four, six, or

eight little nations—hoping to thus hold them in line—while at the same time he perfects adequate organization in forty-six, forty-four, forty-two, or forty remaining nations and brings them up to a working efficiency all at the one time.

All of which is not a scold. It's the exposition of a truth with which new Silver-shirts must be familiar.

Being a Silver-shirt is not joining a vigilante army to go forth and clunk the nearest Red. The vigilante phase of Silver-shirt work is but the phase of a passing situation.

First and foremost, becoming a Silver-shirt is tacitly a business of *identifying* yourself as being one of those who stand for Rightist Christian principles in this distracted and stricken land, and lending aid and moral encouragement to the great masses of men who now see the future as through a glass, darkly.

¶ The Silver Legion is now going out through the land and gathering under one banner all those citizens who are fed up with skullduggery, who want to see this country return to the Aryan sanity of the forefathers, who are willing to be classed openly and unashamedly with those cohorts of righteousness who—if *revolution comes*—will not be adverse to lending their efforts

to remaking the nation by the most strenuous police work.

If stress does *not* come, then by no means is it saying that the Silvershirts have failed. If stress does not come, there is just as much need for the Silvershirts as there has seemed to be from the beginning.

All the same, stress *is* coming!

This Red-Jew Gang that has stolen our government at the top, is not going to give up peaceably or as the result of one election.

This Red-Jew Gang has one policy and one program to pursue. That is, domination by ruin and extermination. And when we use the word Extermination here, it means just what it says. 7

The tactics of this enemy reduce to one strategy: Dead men and women, buried from sight beneath the ground, are removed from a scene where they act as opposition!

¶ The problem is simple: Find them and kill them, and those who are left are dumb creatures of obedience. With them, and on them, can then be reared any sort of cock-eyed State that the diseased imaginations of such slaughterers may concoct.

SKULLS FOR SALE! is truly the trade-slogan of such strategists.

Deceive the masses, get them to believe that

you're working for their good till you get them where you want them. Then, when the power of life or death is in your hands, give them the choice of conforming to your dictates or being marched forth naked at dawn—men and women indiscriminately—and a Lewis machinegun being pointed down the line of 'em. Roll 'em over into a trench and fill it up with dirt! Then come back to your public buildings and rule without opposition.

That's what happened in Russia.

That's what happened in Hungary.

That's what *almost* happened in Italy, Germany, and Spain—and would have if the forces of Christian righteousness hadn't arisen strong enough to put a stop to it.

It's the thing we've got to consider as being possible in America. For if we haven't elements here savage enough to adopt the tactics, there are plenty of 'em overseas just dying to come and practice them.

The question is: How far shall we Americans let them go with it, before we step out and bash them flatter than waffles?

At this point the Sponsor will have his World Hoax ready, and marked at those passages on Pages 53—two bottom para-

graphs—and 67, Report of the United States Rohrberg Commission, which illustrate these Red-Jewish methods most graphically. Let him call on some member of the group to read them aloud as a change of tempo from his own reading. After a discussion, if any, has been held, let the Sponsor continue as follows—

HERE is the thing that we Silvershirts must look at—

Americans as a whole would not lie down supine under this sort of thing, if it comes, in our own country. The minute such extermination tactics get noised abroad, great mobs are going to form. This country, thank God, is not set up like Russia, where two or three main cities represent the social control, with vast plains in between, no communications but single-track railroads, and the citizens peopling them just illiterate peasants.

Our people generally are educated, and “hell on wheels” when finally aroused. They will get together in elemental surges of humanity, and start to clean house of such slaughterers by wholesale.

But merely cleaning house of such slaughterers by wholesale won't truly solve any

problem beside that of getting rid of those with instincts toward such butchery. It won't bring back the healthy economic structure. It won't put men back at gainful jobs. It won't install constructive governments staffed by men of integrity and brains. *These latter things are the Silvershirts' main concern!*

When the bond market collapses, this crazy financial structure crashes, general strikes may be ordered, Red dictatorship will be attempted—with death-lists brought forth and execution squads tabbed off—and then great reactive mobs are bound to form, chiefly recruited from our rural districts.

But those mobs cannot be allowed to run wild, hanging or felling indiscriminately at their caprice. Someone must be prepared to jump up in the fore of them, appearing to be of the mobsters but more truly their constructive mentors, deftly turning such elemental fury into constructive channels, and more than all else *making certain that such unleashed vigilantes execute vengeance—if vengeance must be executed—on the right persons! †*

Race riots, for instance, are bound to come, in the period of turmoil that this fellow Roosevelt has so artfully arranged, by his

policies. Anti-semitism, made devastating by the antics and utterings of such Jews as Samuel Dickstein or Eddie Cantor, may easily reach that boiling-over point where any citizen with a hooked nose or Yiddish cast of countenance may be considered the legitimate prey of the rioters.

Gentile human nature is bound to erupt, at the impositions of European Jews, swarming over here under the guise of refugees and making our economic plight so bad.

The leaders of the Silvershirts declare that nothing is to be gained by injuring the little Jew around the corner. That the only Jews who stand a chance of being harmed by Silvershirts are those who may persist in destructive revolutionary tactics or who oppose constructive efforts to get order out of chaos. The segregation of all Jews which will take place will constitute the easiest method to end revolutionary activities and protect Jews from irate Gentiles.

We're not after the Jews as Jews. We're after the ringleaders of a satanic Communism who would use legitimate trade unionism to gain to man-power so that turmoil and bloodglut may be ushered in. When we've subdued them, then it's our business to declare how much further influence the

Jewish ethics and psychology shall be permitted to exercise to bring a future repetition of the deviltry.

It's our business, in short, to treat with this Jewish-Communist phase of affairs as a purgative sequence, clearing away debris that our leaders may have an unobstructed field in which to install the Christian Commonwealth.

How this is to be done step by step, is another thing that prospective Silvershirts must have expounded for them in future councils. Just now we have this problem to face—

THE JEWISH revolutionaries will try to run true to form in this nation as they have run true to form in Russia, Hungary, and Spain. Their fundamental policy is one of: *Get all human opposition rolled naked and dead into a trench as quickly and savagely as possible!*

It makes no difference to them that they are destroying citizens of the State—people with quite as much right to their lives as the liquidators—smashing the moral and physical stamina of those left by making them conscious that similar fates await them as penalties for the slightest disobedience.

The Red Jew takes no note of the sufferings of individual women to bring new babies into the world and feels not a whit of moral responsibility toward them. A new crop of human beings will come forth presently, amenable in all respects to the fiat of the subversionists. A dead citizen is a citizen who gives his government no trouble; new citizens who have never learned to give the government trouble will be along "in a minute," so purges are legitimate and the easiest way of solving a political problem. Of course, from the Jewish standpoint, the item of race hate is being served at the same time and the world left free for the operations of Israelites without Gentile let or hindrance.

We Gentiles don't see this sort of solution to economic or political problems because it is a fundamental trait with us that the other fellow, no matter how screwy his ideas, has quite as much right to his career on earth as we have. Winning an election, be it Aryan or Jewish, by mowing down all those in the opposition camp by grapeshot, is no winning at all. It is the essence of our spiritual evolution that a contest is only worth engaging in when both sides have an equal chance to be successful. In other

words, we're temperamentally good losers. The Red Jew has none of this in his make-up, can't understand it, or considers it an evidence of moral weakness. He does this because he doesn't really accredit a spiritual life after this earthly tenure is done.

This present life is the only life that he's sure of, and so it's a great, grim business with him to see that it delivers him current and concrete value.

The Silvershirts put counter to this, the policy and program: We shall evolve in each State and each city, a group of enlightened constructionists who can keep utterly cool-headed in mob emergency and make certain that the mobs do no wanton damage to people not responsible.

Such groups shall try to take a natural leadership of furious persons who by no means need be Silvershirts, and see to it that their counsels are heeded in the assemblies for reconstruction!

The motto of the Jewish Reds is: *Whatever is, is worth destroying!*

The motto of the Christian Silvershirts is: *Ours is the responsibility to reconstruct the State on such a basis that no such calamity can ever re-occur!*

Gradually the nation must divide into sup-

porters of one camp or the other.

Thus are the battle lines laid down!

If this is a program worth subscribing to, it's a program worth fighting for! But the lay Silvershirt must grasp that his fighting in these preparatory years is one of "staying hitched" and refraining from callow hoodlum heroics till enough people have heard of this constructive program from coast to coast to mitigate an opposition that in first action would prove fatal.

The enemy offers Skulls for Sale!

The Silvershirts offer No More Hunger, no more turmoil, no more nincompoopery in government!

With this exposition ingrained in our consciousness, suppose we turn to Chapter 8 of *No More Hunger* and with its provisions before us, discuss this question:

If the members of this Council were suddenly appointed a committee to install the provisions of the Commonwealth in this city, without communication with Chief Pelley being possible, how would they set about doing it, and by what progressive steps would they make it effectual?

